MOUNTAINEERING

AND

REFORESTATION

A HISTORIC REVIEW UP TO THE MAZAMA 50th YEAR
JUBILEE FESTIVITIES AT PORTLAND, OREGON

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ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE,
FORGET YOUR EARTHLY CARES.
THINK NOT OF STRIFE, OF FAME, OF GOLD
BEHOLD GODS GLORY IN HIS HANDIWORK.

The above inscription, placed above the original wooden entrance arch of the Shively Park, was made at my suggestion by my friend of old A. B. Stossmeister. He threw himself on the grass at the park—placed his brow on his arm; after a few minutes he arose with the above inspiration.

This article is intended to draw attention to the effort displayed in the economic development of our, from nature well endowed, Pacific Northwest by some far seeing Nature lovers. The ruthless destruction of our forests, for immediate financial gain, is felt as time passes. It behooves all patriotic minded people to develop a sense of responsibility into the present generation—to the inheritors of our land. The preservation of our remaining forests, and reforestry effort is a problem for you and me. To leave to our children bare rocks and waste land will not confer a blessing on their ancestors. Keep alive the urancient Druidic-Teutonic reverence for trees—for the Temples of our forests—and for the Mountain top Altars of our God—it was, and is, a foundation stone to true civilization.

Besides the persons mentioned later Ex-Park Commissioner Frank Spittle at Astoria, the Cooks at Clifton, Warren at Warrenton, the Episcopalian Bishop Scott at Skipanon, Gray and Kamm at Olney, J. O. Hanthorn at Alderbrook, Callender at Knappton, McGowan at Chinook and a few others deserve notice. But alas, their descendants, or successors, failed to grasp the significance of their labors.

Yes, by all means, KEEP OREGON AND WASHINGTON GREEN, grow trees, preserve and develop parks—and develop mountaineering as a means to more fully understand the spiritual problems—the power and aid of Nature.

It is also my intention to develop KIWANIS 4-H JUVENILE WORK into the future, not alone for the immediate harvest, but also for a harvest for future generations—to insure economic stability—and insure a spiritual uplift.

I also wish to draw attention to the fact that Florist-Forester Johnson — and Astoria — and the Mazamas—and Portland were historic factors in this development in the Pacific Northwest.

With the greatest of pleasure did the Angora Hiking Club of Astoria, Oregon accept the invitation of the Mazamas of Portland to participate Dec. 11, 1943 in their festivities, celebrating the 50th year of their existance as a club. I, in particular, was pleased. Having, myself, passed the Jubilee year of blessed married life, I can attest to the labors—and worries—and pleasures, that encompassed themselves within the past half century of our existance.

I remember well the times of 1893—50 years ago—and even before. I possessed then the urge to actively participate in mountaineering activities—and remember also that many Astorians were, at that time, actively interested. A. J. Johnson, the florist and forester, was the active central magnet; attracting, through his inborn friendly, magnetic influence—plus his interest in the out-of-doors, his interest in the beauties of Nature

and hardening activities of mountaineering—the Astoria enthusiasts.

By the way, we have many illustrious Johnsons—and to distinguish him from among this great and prolific family, he was called the Florist and Forester. Johnson, the Forester, was a disciple of Linnaeus, the world renowned Swedish botanist — who ranks with Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Darwin, Haeckel, Boelsche and Douglas of Douglas fir fame. Johnson's knowledge and enthusiasm earned him the position and title of UNITED STATES HORTICULTURIST, in which capacity he helped survey Oregon in the 1880s. The resultant U. S. Geological survey map of Oregon, bears the following inscription:

Johnson's travels, in the interest of U. S. work and private undertakings, brought him to many lands fascinated him to the extent that over 2000 different foreign trees and plants were, through his effort and labor, transplanted to our State; in particular to his Astoria garden—and, from there to Portland—in fact to the whole Pacific Northwest. The whole Nation benefitted through his labors. Among many others, the Meier and Frank country homes, the Flavel Astoria ancestral home and the Astoria Postoffice grounds are witness to his effort. To show the measure of time and economic value since his activities:—A sequoia, from California, planted by him a good half century ago in his garden, measures today about 100 feet high, at root 9 feet diameter—and at shoulder high 21 feet circumference! A sequoia in the Flavel garden measures at shoulder high over 15 feet circumference —and a Port Orford cedar over seven feet circumference. The sycamore maples are merchantable timber today. Johnson's labors prove unmistakenly the value of reforestration. Johnson was also the proud possessor of three medals of merit, awarded him for woodcraft exhibits at the world fairs at Buffalo, N. Y., San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Ore. The massive log building, an outstanding western enterprize, at the Portland Lewis and Clark World's Fair (as yet standing near Montgomery Wards store, the only building left from this fair) added greatly to the success of this fair, it drew attention to our basic resources. Johnson added much to the idea of the erection of this building, of massive logs; he had inside a collection of 4000 different woods (lumber), polished to a finish.

He did not live long enough to see the result of his labor.

Speaking about trees:—I, myself, have had some experience growing trees, especially Redwood from California and Port Orford cedar from Southern Oregon.

John E. Schmidt, a foreman in the A. B. Hammond Astoria sawmill—after the disastrous fire 1922 —went with the Hammond administrative force to one of Hammond's enterprizes, to North California. He noticed the value of the sequoia and sent several small trees to the late Enno Wenckebach

"CHAS. D. WOLCOTT, DIRECTOR, FROM INFORMATION OBTAINED BY A. J. JOHNSON 1900, PREPARED BY GILBERT THOMPSON." This map shows the density of the timber in Oregon, in detail as to locality, estimated by Johnson. This map is as yet in the possession of the family —and must be in the proper files of the U. S. Forestry Department. Johnson had orders to help survey California, as to timber, when an untimely death cut short his illustrious montaineering career 1903.

and to me. The Wenckebach tree, unfortunately, was chopped down about 2 years ago. The stump, one foot above ground, measures 20 inches diameter and is sprouting lustily a crop of about two dozen juvenile trees four to five feet tall. County Clerk Verne Stratton, the present owner, tells me that it is the second crop of sprouts. In other words, you can not kill a sequoia in Oregon. They will persist to grow even if abused. By the way:—Verne Stratton offered to give to anyone some of the sprouts to grow into future trees. Planting should be done during the rainy season. The 4-H juvenile administrators may have here a chance to broaden their activities.

Two of my own Redwood trees, planted about 18 years ago, measure, at shoulder height, 32 inches circumference each and two, 27 inches. They seem to outgrow the native Red cedars planted at the same time. Also the Port Orford cedar thrive well.

David Morgan, the old Astoria salmon cannery man, was also a progressive tree man. His trees, planted before the turn of the century are, as yet in evidence near Sixteenth and Jerome street, Astoria:— Maples Chestnuts and others; among which the grand old Maple, with a gird of 13 feet —on Mrs. R. E. Carruthers property—the Chestnut tree on W. E. Mack's property—the stately cedar on Max Berg's property are silent, but impressive witnesses to his (Morgan's) sprit—and the thriving forces of nature!

Mrs. R. E. Carruthers, the proud possessor of many of the Morgan trees, informs me that Morgan got his trees from Port Orford by sailing vessels. These Port Orford cedar trees are a-kin to the Lebanon cedar trees mentioned in the Bible as used in Solomon's Temple; they, with the Myrrthle trees of the Umpqua valley seem native only to Palestine and Southern Oregon. The why of this is one of the riddles of the universe that may be solved some day.

The Shively park, of Astoria, offers an other illustration of forest growth. In 1895 the knoll, on which the Angora club meeting house is located, was entirely bare of trees. At present, 1943, the native trees, that grew without special care and planting, would be considered merchantable timber in many other localities.

The Crown Zellerbach corporation, in Clatsop; the Toledo Lumber Co. of Toledo, Ore.; an other company in central Oregon; the various other companies, the Oregon State Road Commission, the Keep Oregon Green association and the Oregon State Forestry Department deserve credit—and aid fostering their reforesting and preserving program. They are on the right track:—insuring ecnomic stability for future generations.

Many persons, unbeknown to the general public, aided in the past. another illustrious Swede of olden days was H. P. Ahlberg of Grays River, Wash., through whose activities many Swedish trees and plants were transplanted to his neighborhood.

The older Angoras and Mazamas surely remember the late Adolph Aschhoff as a pleasing "Forest Character." George Otten Sr., I believe is as yet living is an other plant enthusiast.

Present Clatsop County Judge Guy Boyington, Clatsop Timber Cruiser Chas. Henrys, that Warrenton sage, Clifford Barlow and E. Lempke, Necanicum; all as yet living, deserve special notice as to their activities in relation to preserving, reforestration and replanting. Boyington was born with an

appreciation for trees; his father was a timber cruiser. Henrys can tell you the height of a tree and timber content by just looking. Barlow, who almost constantly wears a buttonhole boquet and a smile not only makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before—he makes grass grow on our seashore dunes, where none grew before. Lempke, at the Wolf Creek-Coast road junction is trying hard to transform an American jungle into a formal European park. He is succeeding in his effort wonderfully.

The timbermen, Benson, of Benson park, Columbia gorge fame; Bradley, Clatsop Crest park donor; John Yeon, Brix and others had an eye for the future.

If there is such a state as the migration of souls, then, I am sure, the souls of departed John E. Gratke, newspaperman of old Astoria, later of New York—and of old timberman-logger, John Chitwood—whose ashes, by his request, was scattered to the four winds from the top of the historical John Jacob Astor-Great Northern Column on Coxcomb Hill, Astoria—are wandering hand in hand above the John Jacob Astor park, a park they helped to create; taking a side trip once in a while to Bradley park, to the Spring of Youth on top of Saddle Mountain and to the Ecola Ocean Shore park —beckoning me to join them in their journeys. We have with us as yet Ben Burns, that energetic, live spirit of Chas. Niemi's Tapiola park—a welcome addition to our natural scenic and recreational attractions.

These men were and are factors keeping Oregon and Washington green; all come within the circle of my acquaintances. Of course, there are others who we should honor.

I have a well edited descriptive book, published 1890, by W. G. Steel, entitled: "THE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON." It tells about mountain trips undertaken in those early days; it also mentions the survey of Crater Lake. Forester Johnson must have helped in this survey and participated in the outings, as I heard him talking about it. My memory also recalls the Bear story of those days, that circulated as a funny, laughable affair:—One of the hikers, slightly deaf, climbed a tree during dusk, in camp, to get a better view—only to find himself, while clamberin, descending in the branches, surrounded by his fellow hikers, clubs in hand, to dispatch a supposed bear. Well, in the nick of time, a summoned gun bearer was found not necessary.

Some of the active men in those early days in Pacific Cost Mountaineering circles were: C. F. Adams, O. C. Yocum, J. M. Keene, C. H. Gove, N. W. Durham, J. M. Breck, W. H. Corbett, Geo. W. Markle, D. P. Thompson, W. W. Bretherton, John Gill, Geo. H. Himes and C. W. Idleman.

The Erickson family of Astoria, is the possessor of a photograph, picturing a mountaineering ascent of Mt. Hood in those early days—showing Forester Johnson, the uncle, with many other hikers—hanging on, with one hand, to a rope at the steep snow and ice grade, unconsciously giving the exhilliarating mountaineering salute with his alpen stock to the photographer. This may have been the Mazama ascent July 4, 1893. The sister and brother-in-law Ole Erickson Sen., both as yet living, assure me that Johnson was a member of the Mazamas in these early days. The records and some of the oldest members of the organization may corroborate this.

Coming down to more recent times—The Mazama Club has a history—a history, to my knowledge, they may well be proud of as to their activities and accomplishments in cooperation with other live wire clubs and persons I remember the small hay barn at timber line, Mt. Hood with the edges of the roof crushed down by the weight of the winter snows—with its two entrances, the terra-firma and the snow.

The description on their wonderful newer Log Lodge, at Governmant Camp, struck me as having been made by some heavenly inspired nature philosopher: "NATURE EVER YIELDS REWARD TO HIM WHO SEEKS AND LOVES HER BEST." This I found to be the truth.

That master piece of a fire place, in this Log Lodge—built with discriptive rocks, contributed by different Mountaineering clubs, gathered from different Mountaintops—binds at once, in fraternity, all Mountaineers who see it.

The other inscription (Indian): "NESIKA - KLATAWA - SAHALE" puts my mind back to my youthful, years, among the Indians of British Columbia; where the friendly greeting: "KLA HOW YA - KA MIKA KLATAWA" accompanied by a wave of the hand to heaven, to their God: "How do you do, where are you going"?—and the answer: "NESIKA - KLATAWA SAHALE" We are going high, or we are traveling far.

This Ur-ancient Indian greeting and sign is now continued by our Mountaineering fraternity: The same wave of the hand to heaven and the exclamation, "Hoo Hoo - Hallow"! which translates into modern American, "Who (is) You? - Hallowed be our meeting."

And, be hold—Timberline Hotel, at Mt. Hood (a masterpiece of Mountain architecture) and the various ski runs and ski lift in its vicinity. This hotel, the road to it and surounding improvements is the crowning piece of Mazama club labors and effort; placing the Pacific North West, and Portland in particular, in the front rank of world renowned Mountaineering and winter snow sports. It made the Mazamas a international, renowned Mountaineering Club.

With pleasure do I also recall the Mazama activities in our own, Clatsop County, neighborhood—when in 1922 they, in company with our own Angora Club, ascended our smaller jewell, Saddle Mountain. About 250 lined the trail. Also, when 51 Mazamas, with the Angoras, were frohlicking, at Fort Stevens and the Columbia south jetty, August 31, 1924. The veteran Angora Chief Guide John Berry was the leading spirit. There the Mazamas earned the "distinguished" Indian title: "NESIKA - ISK-IM - HIU - KILTA," which translates: "We are mighty clam hunters"!

This outing acted as a lever, drawing attentions to the beauties of our, the Oregon Sea Shore—exemplified in our sanddunes, the level sand beach (bathing, claming, fishing and auto driving). The Tillamook head trail and Ecola Park, with its rocky, cliff strewn Ocean Shore and bays and brooks.

Now a few words about our own Angora Hiking Club of Astoria. We are nearing the quarter century mark, having been organized July 4, 1920.

Joseph Manix was the drafter of the preamble of our constitution. Listen to his high mark: "THERE IS A POWER IN NATURE WHICH PROCLAIMS THAT DEATHLESS SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, WHICH "IS" THE SOUL OF

FRATERNITY, HUMAN CONCORD AND UNIVERSAL PEACE. —SO THAT HE, WHO WITH NATURE HOLDS COMMUNION, WILL EVER CHERISH A LOVE OF FREEDOM AND A LIVELY INTEREST IN THE WELFARE OF HIS FELLOW MAN"!

Yes, I confirm—that the Mountains proclaim Freedom and Liberty since times eternal, Andreas Hofer, Arnold Winckelried and Wilhelm Tells' spirits are alive today!

And so we, members of the Angora Hiking Club of Astoria:

Ralph Horton, present Chief Guide, Margaret Ray, Agnes Ramvick, Esther Juntti, Chas. Erickson and yours truly August Hildebrand. Conveyed the congratulations of the Angora Club of Astoria to those assembled to celebrate the 50th year Jubilee of the Portland Mazamas. We carried there, that night, the torch lit by the founders of the Angora Club.

We brought special congratulations from the President Art Stangland and his wife nee Artie Appleton from Mr. and Mrs. Chas M. Johnson, nee Ami Lagus from Mr. and Mrs. Emil Granlund, Axel Ramvick, Mrs. Lloyd Craft, nee Gwen La Barre, Louise Bolton, Charlotte and Margaret Upham and Mary Weaver the most active members and from a host of members who were not present at that last meeting.

By the way, my friend, our Chas. Erickson, deserves special mentioning. He is the obliging successor, in Spirit and labors in mountaineering and other civic activities, of his uncle Johnson The Forester, my friend of old. Charlie is of the same helping and encouraging spirit. I have seen him carry the packs of other tired hikers, besides his own—and I have watched him performing camp labors cheerfully to the comfort and enjoyment of others. We made this trip to Portland because of his labors and assistance.

While speaking about uncles: The spirit of brothers and sister descendants, carrying on the torch of activities and progress of their uncles, deserves notice. I know a family in Portland, as a splendid example of family blessings, conferred by the late John Montag of foundry fame (who got his financial start in Astoria of old, fishing salmon)—where the torch of progress is carried on worthily by his nephews.

As to our experience the day of the Jubilee. We started promptly from our store, at 12 noon, travelled in Chas Ericksons auto by way of Seaside and Wolf Creek road. The weather was like a mid-summer day. Arrived in Portland in due time. Ed Hughes, the ever active laboring president of the WESTERN FEDERATION OF OUT-DOOR CLUBS, was the first Mazama we met. The banquet was in the large Neighbors of Wood Craft Hall 14th and Morrison. The name of this hall struck me as being appropriate for the occasion. Three hundred and fifty were present, every chair occupied. The past presidents of the Mazamas and a few of the most distinguished guests were seated at the long head table, with the distinguished Speakers Marshal Dana and Frank Branch Riley and the master of ceremonies E. C. Sammons—and of course, other dignitaries (officers of the club). Nettie Spencer and Willis W. Ross also graced this table; they were charter members of the Mazamas, at the 4th of July 1893 Mt. Hood ascent. They had the honor cutting the large Jubilee cake (a master piece of Bakers art the top or cover of which was a

miniature replica of Mt. Hood)—Both were splendid physical and mental specimen of humanity, considering the time elapsed.

Our Angora Chief Guide of old, John E. Berry, now of Minneapolis, Minnesota, had contributed a large boquet of flowers to grace the occasion. He with many others had sent his regrets not being able to be present. There were five outside Mountaineering clubs represented. There would have been many more, but for gasoline, rubber and war restrictions. I had the honor being called, as representing the Angora Club of Astoria. We, the members of the Angora Club, were fortunate, we were seated near our particular Portland friends Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Becker and to cap the climax, we spied Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Chas A. Plumstead, nee Elna Niemi, looking for a seat among this crowded throng —and near us was just room enough. This made our Astoria party as complete as could be wished.

During intervals, several to us known Mountaineers, especially Marie Koenecke made us feel at home and we did feel at home, I assure you!

In line with the Mazama 50th year Jubilee celebration: Reviewing the past activities of the FEDERATION OF WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS, comprising 25 Mountaineering associations (which include the Mazama and Angoras) it may possitively be stated, that this Federation is a factor in the preservation and sane development of one of our basic economic resources. It is also a preserver of the spiritual—as well as the communal, democratic spirit in our Nation.

Eleven o'clock and we thought it time to go home.

Reluctantly we left the happy throng.

Our return trip, through the Coast Mountains, was like a winter sleigh ride, with only the bells missing. A heavy, glistening frost on the road and roadside — and bright moonlight, added charm. Ralph Horton releaved Chas Erickson at the wheel. He proved himself a Master Chauffer. Under his guidance it was like a taboggan slide; steady, smooth and swift, up and down hill. I do not remember ever having had a ride, where the driver had better control over his auto—and—the machine seemed to obey! It was all like a dream, a pleasant dream. From Seaside Margaret Ray guided our destiny.

By 3 o'clock Sunday morning December 12, 1943 we were in bed. Happy in the thought that Angora luck, as to weather and the splendid Angora Cooperation especially from Chas. Erickson and Ralph Horton, made this trip an out standing affair in our experience.

August Hildebrand,
Astoria, Oregon

Since publishing Mountaineering-Reforestration by August Hildebrand in the March 8-1944 issue of the Astorian-Budget, research of the Mazama club records revealed that Forester Johnson of Astoria, was a member of the July 4-1893 accent. The photograph mentioned was of this party. He was elected fourth vice president of the organization. The supposition mentioned was this confirmed.